aboord ſodainly.

Exit.

¶ *Enter* Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine.

Exit.

¶ *Enter the three Baudes*

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart by being too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. we were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe, no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to bee vſde in euerie trade, we ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſaiſt true tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtarſts, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawde. What elſe meane the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pander. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnhoneſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meat for wormes, but Ile goe ſearch the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickins were as pretie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pretie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

¶ *Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.*

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maiſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd Boult ha's ſhe anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult.